Words for the Muſick,

The RELAPSE:

OR,

Vertue in Danger.

SONG in the Fourth ACT.

I.

I Smile at Love, and all its Arts,
The Charming *Cynthia* cry'd.
Take heed! for Love has piercing Darts,
A Wounded Swain reply'd:
Once Free and Bleſt, as you are now,
I trifled with his Charms,
I pointed at his little Bow,
And ſported with his Arms,

Till

Till urg'd too far: Revenge, he crys,
A Fatal Shaft he drew;
It took its Paſſage through your Eyes,
And to my Heart it flew.

II.

To tear it thence, I try'd in vain,
To ſtrive, I quickly found,
Was only to encreaſe the Pain,
And to enlarge the Wound:
Ah! much too well, I fear, you know,
What Pain I'm to endure,
Since what your Eyes alone cou'd do,
Your Heart alone can cure:
And that (grant Heaven I may miſtake)
I doubt is doom'd to bear,
A Burthen for Another's ſake,
Who'll ill reward its Care.

DIALOGUE in the Laſt ACT,

BETWEEN

CUPID and *HYMEN*.

CUPID.

THou Bane to my Empire, thou Spring of Conteſt,
Thou Source of all Diſcord; thou Period to Reſt,
Inſtruct me, What Wretches in Bondage can ſee,
That the Aim of their Life is ſtill pointed to Thee?

HYMEN.

Inſtruct me, Thou Little, Impertinent God,
From whence all thy Subjects have taken the Mode,
To grow fond of a Change, whatever it be?
And I'll tell thee why thoſe wou'd be Bound who are Free.

CHORUS.

For Change, w'are for Change, to whatever it be,
We are neither Contented with Freedom nor Thee.
Conſtancy's an empty Sound,
Heaven and Earth and all go round,
All the Works of Nature Move,
And the Joys of Life and Love,
Are in Variety.

CUPID.

CUPID.

Were Love the Reward of a Pains-taking Life,
Had a Husband the Art, to be fond of his Wife,
Were Virtue so plenty a Wife cou'd afford,
These very hard Times, to be true to her Lord,
Some specious Account might be given of those,
Who are ty'd by the Tail, to be led by the Nose;
But since 'tis the Fate of a Man and his Wife,
To consume all their Days in Contention and Strife;
Since, whatever the Bounty of Heaven may Create her,
He's Morally sure, he shall Heartily hate her;
I think 'twere much Wiser to Ramble at large,
And the Volleys of Love, on the Herd to discharge.

HYMEN.

Some colour of Reason thy Counsel might bear,
Cou'd a Man have no more than his Wife to his share;
Or were I a Monarch so cruelly Just,
To oblige a poor Wife to be true to her Trust;
But I have not pretended, for many Years past,
By Marrying of People, to make 'em grow Chast:
I therefore Advise thee, to let me go on,
Thou'lt find I'm the Strength and Support of thy Throne;
For hadst thou but Eyes, thou wou'dst quickly perceive it,
How smoothly thy Dart,
Slips into the Heart
Of a Woman that's Wed,
Whilst the Chivering Maid,
Stands Trembling and Wishing, but dare not receive it.

CHORUS.

For Change, w'are for Change, &c.

FINIS.